

CROWD AT CONRIED FUNERAL

OPERA HOUSE FILLED AT THE ELABORATE SERVICE.

Prof. Carpenter and Charles Burnham, the speakers—A Quartet and the Male Chorus from "Parafal"—sang—the Interment at Cypress Hills.

There was a vast throng at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday morning when the public funeral services for Heinrich Conried were held there. It was not an official service held by the Metropolitan Opera Company. This organization had merely tendered the use of the theatre to Mrs. Conried, who believed, with a number of her husband's friends, that the Metropolitan was the most appropriate place for the ceremonies.

The crowd of women that stampeded the opera house gave some trouble to Capt. O'Brien and the reserves. There were no seats reserved, and with the exception of the boxes and the seats set aside for Mrs. Conried and her relatives who came first were first served.

Three rows in the right division of the orchestra stalls were hung with black, and in them sat Mrs. Conried, R. G. Conried, her son; her mother, Mrs. Sperling, Frederick, Henry and the other members of the Sperling family.

The proscenium arch had been decorated with black, so that the spectators on entering the auditorium saw none of the red and gold decorations. The medieval interior used for the third act of "Lucia," which was utilized as a background, was hung with black half way to the ceiling.

When the orchestra, which was seated in the pit, began the direction of the funeral march, the speakers—A Quartet and the Male Chorus from "Parafal"—sang—the Interment at Cypress Hills.

Following the body, which was placed on the catafalque, across the front of the stage, passed again behind the screen of palms and took their seats on the right hand side of the stage.

Taking advantage of this opportunity a number of persons who had been standing in the rear of the auditorium alighted down to stand in the aisles. It was at this point that Chief Usher Thomas Bull sent his assistants down the aisles to notify the spectators that they must take their seats.

This triumph, Mr. Burnham said, was not won without many struggles, nor was it a post with only honor and triumph. It was filled with difficulties.

But Heinrich Conried gained it because he had come to this country determined to achieve the greatest possible honor in his profession here. With his rugged persistence he got to the top, although he was not destined to enjoy for long the triumph he had won.

Prof. Carpenter said that his friendship with Heinrich Conried, which would always remain one of the pleasantest memories of his life, had begun at Leipzig when he was a student in the university there and Mr. Conried an actor in the Stadt Theatre.

Prof. Carpenter said that he had not only learned the large repertoire of classic roles that he interpreted so skillfully, but he had also learned to play the piano. He knew German literature thoroughly. He had his feet firmly fixed on this commercial and material earth, but his eyes were always fixed on the stars.

He was ever upward, and that was the principle that always guided him in conducting the theatre he loved so well. He gave the performances of the German classics at Columbia and later at Harvard and Yale with no other reward than that of making known to other countries the dramas of Schiller, Lessing and Goethe.

He was an idealist with his head to the stars and his feet to the earth. He was a man who knew him. The quartet sang a part of the "Largo" of Handel, after which Rabbi Wise spoke, after which the quartet sang, "The Interment at Cypress Hills." The body was placed in a vault. Later it will be transferred to a mausoleum which Mrs. Conried intends to build.

The flowers came from Mrs. Conried, the Metropolitan Opera Company, the Ocean Comfort Company, from the technical staff of the opera house, and the wardrobe department, as well as from many personal friends of Mr. Conried.

New Gateway Theatre Company. Albany, May 13.—The Chicago Gateway Theatre Company, with principal office in New York and capital of \$500,000, was incorporated today. The directors are Samuel A. Berman, J. Herbert Mack, J. Leonard Wilson and John Hurling. The company will have a series of other athletic games.

MIXED THOSE MAYORS UP.

Somebody in City Hall Exchanged the Mayor's Nameplates.

A grandson of Andrew H. McKie, who was Mayor of New York in 1846-47, strolled into the City Hall a few days ago and examining the picture of bygone Mayors came across one inscribed with the name of his grandfather.

"That's not my grandfather," he exclaimed; "he always wore side whiskers." He went to the office of the Municipal Art Board and after he had explained that there was a mistake somewhere he and Commissioner Adams made a tour of inspection of the City Hall art gallery. Finally the grandson picked out the painting of Mayor Havemeyer, whose first term began in 1845, as that of his grandfather.

Commissioner Adams sent yesterday for Commissioner Wilson of the Public Service Commission, who is married to the granddaughter of Mayor Havemeyer, and after Mr. Wilson had looked at the picture purporting to be that of Mayor McKie said he had summoned to the City Hall other members of the Havemeyer family. It was agreed that the picture labelled McKie was a portrait of Mayor Havemeyer.

It is thought that when the paintings were removed from the walls about five years ago, when the City Hall was renovated, the nameplates of the two pictures, which only a senseless man could tell apart, were broken off and that the workmen hurriedly tacked the two plates on again without troubling to find out whether they had put the right names on the two pictures.

THE PRIARS' FESTIVAL.

Programme for Today's New York Theatre Show.

The much heralded Priars' Festival takes place at the New York Theatre this afternoon. Owing to the length of the programme the curtain will ring up at 1:30 o'clock.

The programme follows: "The International College Football Game," vocal selections by the Big City Quartet; Laura Burt and Harry Stanford in "The Order of the Bath," acts by Field and Lewis, Nat M. Wills, "The Happy Tramp," and William Courtleigh; Jefferson De Angelis and company in selections from "The Beauty Spot"; Channing Pollock's latest playlet, "An Interlude," with Helen Ware, Edmund Breese, Thomas Findlay and Frank Conlan; Rock and Fulton, Stuart Reed, Alice Lord, the musical hall scene from "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," with a remarkable cast under the direction of Edward E. Rose, including Douglas Fairbanks, Louise Dresser, Aubrey Boucsein, Pauline Lord, Alexander Carr, Walter Jones, Thomas A. Wise, George Behan, Jessie Mae Hall and other clever people, with an introductory number by the "Jazz" band, "At the Waldorf," a monologue by Raymond Hitchcock, Charles J. Ross in "Suggestions of Harry Lauder," R. J. Madden's little comedy "The One Woman," presented by W. J. Kelly, Regan Hugheson and Ruth Chester, the Ellmore Sisters, Charles and Fanny Van, and finally "The Priars' Frolic," a bit of pantomime and music by Harry J. Leonard.

GRAND OPERA FOR CHICAGO.

Rumor That J. Ogden Armour Will Help Gets a Fresh Start.

CHICAGO, May 13.—Rumors that J. Ogden Armour is to assist in financing an endowed opera house in Chicago got renewed impetus to-day when Dr. F. Ziegfeld of the Chicago Musical College called for an audience. He will meet Director Andreas Dippel of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company of New York in Berlin, and they will go to Paris and hold a conference with the Chicago financier.

Dr. Ziegfeld is particularly interested in the establishment of an opera school in Chicago, and his plans contemplate having such an institution furnish the choruses for the new opera house.

Mr. Armour is understood to be deeply interested in the proposed new school, even though he has denied the report that he will give \$1,000,000 for the endowment of the opera house itself.

COLLEGE GIRLS IN TROUSERS.

Wellesley No Longer Bares Characteristic Male Attire From Theatricals.

WELLESLEY, Mass., May 13.—No longer will Wellesley College students be obliged to costume the male characters in bloomers when presenting undergraduate dramatics in the "barn." Henceforth the characteristic article of male attire, trousers, will come into its own as part of the clothing of the male characters who appear upon the boards in Wellesley's only theatre.

The announcement that trousers will be permitted under certain restrictions was made last evening and aroused much interest among not only the several hundred members of the Barn Swallow Society but throughout the college.

The plays to be presented by the students hereafter will be divided into two classes, indoor and outdoor. In the outdoor dramas the former regulations will continue and the male characters will be clothed as usual in bloomers. For indoor plays, however, trousers may be worn in future.

Walter McGreal and his bride seem to have had their romance shattered. Mrs. McGreal was Miss Hazel S. Drew, heir-ess to a \$100,000 estate. She and McGreal ran off from Brooklyn on Christmas Day last, were married two days later by a New Jersey magistrate and then took an extended honeymoon trip, arriving at Buffalo last Monday and being remarried there by a Catholic priest. They reached Brooklyn on Wednesday, both declaring that they were the happiest young couple in the world.

Walter is domiciled with his father at 764 Union street and Hazel is secluded with her mother, Mrs. Edith W. Hall, at 274 Sixth avenue.

The girl, who celebrated her eighteenth birthday on Monday last, had a quarrel with her husband on Wednesday night at her father-in-law's home while wedding reception was in progress, and slipping out unnoticed hurried to her mother's home. Walter called there yesterday and made a tearful appeal to her to go back with him to his father's home, but she declared that she would not only never live with him again but that she would assist her mother in every way in her suit for the annulment of their marriage. In describing the trouble which caused the parting between them Hazel said:

When I laid his hands upon me I swore from a dream. It was a terrible awakening, for the dream had been so sweet. Mrs. Hall and her daughter were in consultation yesterday with a lawyer in regard to the annulment proceedings, and Walter also had a talk with a lawyer about bringing habeas corpus proceedings to recover his bride.

DOG COST CONSIDINE \$4,000

IF HE HADN'T STOPPED TO HELP HIM HE'D HAVE MADE A BET.

Tony Pearl's Terrier Needed Attention Just When Considine Was Waiting for the 2 to 1 Which He Was Sure He Could Get on King James.

Col. Al Simmons of the Lehigh Valley Railroad and Ed Rosenbaum, the theatrical manager, walked into the new Metropole, the Union café, just across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House, yesterday afternoon and inquired if George Considine was around.

"He's in the back room," said Jim Hawkes, the veteran waiter, "waitin' for the top price on the Metropolitan. Th' boss has got a feedbox tip right from Johnny Madden and we're goin' to clean up."

"What'd ye like in the big race, George?" asked Col. Simmons. "Fayette ought to come romping home it strikes me."

"King James," said Mr. Considine firmly. "Nothing to it but the Plaudit oak. He likes the distance, the going is just right for him and he got it up that horse some sense in his bean. He's a lead pipe, copper riveted, brass bound cinch."

"I got the last word from Madden last night," Mr. Considine continued. "You can bet the misse's earrings on my colt," said Madden, and when he puts it that strong why there's nothin' to it but the cashin' in."

"Opening prices on the Metropolitan just come in, boss," said Jim Hawkes, sticking his head through the swing doors. "They're laying 8 to 5 the James birdie with 3 to 5 place. Do you care for it?"

"Nix," said Considine scornfully. "The price'll go up. Just as soon as the public begins making think bets on Fayette and Half Sovereign and some more of those dachshunds and trying to win out Walder-Astoria on a free lunch investment King James will go up."

"What're you betting?" inquired Col. Simmons.

"We made a little pool," said George Considine, "Johnny, Eddie Burke and myself putting up \$2,000 for a splash at this King James thing. It's so easy that it looks like robbing the poor. The money's up and I'm just waiting for the top price to give the word."

"Nine to 5, now, boss," said Jim Hawkes at 4:15 o'clock. "Shall I give the office?"

"Two to 1 for mine," replied Considine. "When she goes to 2 to 1, Jim, let me know."

Tony Pearl and his partner, Bob Yosco, a vaudeville act, came into the back room carrying a small and whining bull terrier. Tony Pearl walked the last man out of the old Metropole. When the auctioneer arrived there to sell of the furniture Mr. Pearl was still in bed but he awoke in time to save his head from a boarding house keeper who coveted it. When she bid \$250 Tony Pearl made it \$275, then rolled over and finished his sleep.

"What's the trouble with the dog?" said Considine.

"Sent him to a veterinary," said Mr. Pearl angrily, "and I wish you'd pipe what he done to them ears. Just mangled 'em, that's all. They'll look like cauliflower sprouts."

"Bring him here," said Considine. "I'm something of a vet myself. Here, waiter, get me some cement and a piece of pasteboard."

The waiter brought a side of pasteboard box from which Considine scooped out the small triangles, each about two inches long. With the cement he fixed the bits of pasteboard base down to the clipped ears of the terrier.

It's like training a vine or a flower-stand," said Mr. Considine as his fingers worked busily. "The pasteboard will train those ears to stand stiff erect and it won't give any pain to the little dog. I did the same to my \$2,500 prize winner, the one Billy Pinkerton brought me from Paris."

Jim Hawkes swung open the door again and called out, but Mr. Considine said no attention was to be paid with the little dog. The terrier had ceased whining and was wagging his scraw tail pleasantly.

It's a shame the way some people treat dogs," Considine went on, "they're their ears and bobbing their tails. Never buy a dog whose tail has been cut off. It's pretty nearly a sure sign that the dog has a streak of devilry in him. The tail is where the devil comes out strong, and that's why shrewd dog sellers make a fashion of bobbing. They cut in the bar, a buzz of voices, a scurrying of feet to the telephone, where somebody was getting the returns."

"They're off the voice," said Considine, "dropped the terrier gently on the table."

"And I haven't got my bet down!" he shouted.

Through the swing doors came a description of the race as it came over the phone.

"Nimbus at the quarter!" a husky voice shouted. "By a half, King James second, by half a length; Mary Davis third, by half a length; Fayette second, by a length; Nimbus third!"

"There, I told you," said Considine, waving both hands. "My King James buck-jumping backwatered yesterday. You Tony Pearl, take that dog out of here before I do something to the both of you!"

"And the winner!" came from the telephone. "For a few seconds there was dead quiet. It was broken by the call of the man at the phone."

"King James wins, all alone! Fayette second! Judge third!"

"What will Johnny Considine and Burke say when they come back from the ball game and find that I passed up 4,000 from men to patch up a bull terrier's ear?"

News of Plays and Players.

Frances Starr's present season in "The Fastest Way" will close Saturday, June 5, not to be resumed until the Saturday before Labor Day. She is to sail on the Mauretania June 16.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Heather," the second volume in the trilogy which began with "Furze the Cruel," by John Trevena, is now ready for publication. The author, who lives alone on the moors, explains the motif of his series of books as follows: "Almost everywhere on Dartmoor are furze, heather and granite. The furze is destroyed by fire, but grows again; the heather is torn by winds, but blossoms again; the granite is worn away imperceptibly by the rain. The 'furze' represents cruelty, the 'heather' represents endurance and the 'granite' represents strength."

Mr. Trevena's books are described as "strong meat." The author has been compared to Hardy and Zola, but he has never read any modern books. His pictures of the Dartmoor peasants are close and intimate studies made while living and working among them.

"Dietetic Righteousness" is the subject of a paper in the London Saturday Review from which we learn that the true secret of health, wealth and happiness is to "eat less, but eat it more." People are advised to eat little more than one-third of the usual quantity of meat and the albuminous or waste repairing foods and one-half the heat or fuel producing foods. "It matters little what we eat so long as we eat it right; that is, slowly, and when we have a true, not a habit appetite, the earned appetite being the ideal." Practising this "rational and scientific system gives a new joy of life; a sense of exhilaration and of well being; a mental and physical alertness that comes as a revelation to the ordinary eater."

A lady interested in the absorbing topic of woman's suffrage recently declared in public that she preferred the monarchial form of government because it gave more honor to women. This opinion came under the ever observant attention of Mr. Howells, who will make it the theme of his "Easy Chair" essay in Harper's for June. This gives him an opportunity for some of his whimsical moralizing on the suffrage question and the expression of a few gentle hints to women, which will be read with pleasure by women on whichever side of the suffrage question they have taken their stand.

Edgar Saltus will bring out a new novel soon under the title "Daughters of the Rich." A man and two women furnish the main characters of the story, which introduces many interesting places in the process of its development. The scene moves from New York to Paris, Deauville and Chantilly, thence to Santa Barbara in southern California, and from there to New York again.

Mr. Saltus has been foolishly called "the Bernard Shaw of America," and a book of his epigrams was made up in England which proved to be popular. If he hasn't Shaw's cleverness he has a portion which will not suffer by comparison with the witty Irishman's. When asked at one time what books had helped him most Mr. Saltus answered promptly "my own."

John Reed Scott is a busy lawyer who writes books in the evening for recreation. He is a Gettysburg man, having lived there for the first twenty-eight years of his life. As a boy he passed much of his time in the battlefield, and something of inspiration must have emanated from this celebrated place, for his first literary

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The New York World says: "A story warm with life, vivid in color, rich in human sympathy, deep in human understanding."

And these are only a few of the things that have been said. From the great cities of the East, and from little mining towns of the far West, letters have poured into the publishers—letters of enthusiasm and gratitude and congratulation for the anonymous author. Following in the brilliant line of great and famous novels that have appeared in Harper's Magazine as serials, it bids fair to rank with the greatest of them.

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WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Dinner Company at the Brazilian Embassy—Wright-Dietrich Wedding.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—The Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Nabuco entertained a dinner company this evening in honor of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Knox. The guests asked to meet them were the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, the Russian Ambassador, Baron Rosen; Senator and Mrs. William Alden Smith, Representative and Mrs. James Brock Perkins, the Argentine Minister and Mme. Portela, the Peruvian Minister, Mr. Pardo, the Chilean Minister and Mme. Cruz, the Uruguayan Minister and Mme. Lafaur, the Cuban Minister and Mme. Garcia Veloz, the Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Huntington Wilson, Mrs. John Phillips, Mrs. John B. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Gaff, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cumming, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Harlan, John Barrett, Mr. Lime, First Secretary of the Brazilian Embassy; Lieutenant-Commander De Azevedo, Naval Attaché of the Embassy, and Mr. De

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Vianna-Kelsch, the Second Secretary of the Embassy.

The Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. MacVane are spending the week in New York. They will return here on Saturday.

Miss Irene Dietrich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Dietrich of this city, was married yesterday afternoon in the home of her parents to Horace Wright. Both are known on the professional stage.

The Secretary of the Navy, Mrs. Meyer, and the Misses Meyer will go to New York to-morrow, whence they will sail on Saturday for a month's trip abroad.

To Supervise Music in Yonkers Schools.

YONKERS, May 13.—George Oscar Bowen of Northampton, Mass., was appointed supervisor of music in the Yonkers public schools to-day to succeed William C. Hoff, deceased. Mr. Bowen was tenor soloist at Chautauque last summer and was formerly soloist of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city and the Memorial Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn.